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THE JEFFERSONIAN

ESTABLISHED JUNE, 1907—ONLY COUNTRY PAPER IN JEFFERSON COUNTY.

OUR PRINTING... Department is in charge of expert workmen and our charges are no more than you pay for poor work. Both Phones.

Vol. 6, No. 27

Jeffersontown, Jefferson County, Ky., Thursday, December 26, 1912

Every Thursday at \$1.00 Per Year

PERSONAL

36-3 166
Fricke will confer a favor by reporting all the visits of themselves or their guests for this column call either telephone number 222, or residence 16.

Mr. E. V. Sprowl is on a hunting trip down on Green River, the guest of Mr. Howard Cammit, of Pittsburg, Pa.

Miss Camille Semolin spent Wednesday in Louisville with relatives.

Mr. H. A. Hummel and family spent Christmas day in the Highlands.

Miss Julia Easum, of Louisville, is the guest of Mrs. E. V. Sprowl.

Miss Isabel Downs, of Clark Station, is a visitor at the home of Mr. W. J. Semolin.

Mr. Will Hite spent Wednesday with friends in Louisville.

Mr. Fred Voelker and Mr. John Hettlinger, of Glenview, spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. Ben Miller, of Anchorage.

Mr. Jacob L. Miller, of Middletown, and Mr. John Miller, of Lyndon, spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. Geo. Miller and Mr. Mrs. J. B. Kysar, of Lyndon.

Mrs. W. T. Elder and children, of Bloomfield, spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Edelen, and family.

Mrs. M. C. Liddle and daughter, Miss Nannie B., spent the holidays with relatives in Louisville.

Miss Virginia Porter, who is attending Normal School at Bowling Green, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Porter. She will return to her studies next Monday.

The Current Events Club will meet with Mrs. L. M. Bryan on next Thursday, Jan. 2, 1913.

Mr. Fred Stucky and family spent

Watch back page next week's paper.

¶ We do not claim that the mere use of want ads will produce prosperity.

¶ But it seems more than a coincidence that most prosperous people are quick to recognize the value of classified advertising.

¶ Let us supply your wants through this page.

The cost is ONLY ONE CENT A WORD for each insertion—payable in advance.

Classified Advertising

For Sale.

FOR SALE—A horse power Fairbanks-Morse Gasoline Engine, good as new, cheap for cash. THE JEFFERSONIAN, Jeffersontown, Ky. Both Phones. 2647.

FOR SALE—A two horse farm wagon, and also a nice family horse. ALBERT BAPEL, Anchorage, Ky. Camb. Phone 766. 2647.

For Rent

FOR RENT—Lovely room house with bath, porch, and large attic in Irvington Heights near Jefferson station. Second water, garden and stable. Apply at Jeffersonian office or DAN MCKINLEY, Jeffersontown, Ky. 2647.

FOR RENT on SALE—Farm of 16 acres at Snyder in Jefferson county, near Pleasant Grove church. Call at \$150. First St. Louisville. MRS. G. W. CARLISLE, 2647.

Wanted.

WANTED—To buy best of good kindling wood. Call this office.

SHEDDING—Every Tuesday and Friday. ARTHUR L. SMITH, Jeffersontown, Ky. 2647.

WANTED—Indian Runner ducks, must be strictly class. J. M. SEABOLT. 2747.

POSTED LANDS

We, the undersigned, in Jefferson County, will prosecute to the full extent of the law all hunters or trappers found upon our premises.

Lud M. Bryan, Mr. Frank Betcher, C. C. and K. L. Smith, John Hite, Mrs. E. J. Hite.

[Names will be published in this column until after the hunting season for 1913.]

SECRECY

Is Order of Day Among Saints.

Electric Line Nearing Completion

Fried-Hahn Wedding—Other News of Interest.

St. Matthews, Dec. 23.—Every human being in this community is so imbued with the holiday spirit that it is impossible to obtain any information in regard to what has been accomplished in work or improvements since last wrote; everything is to be secrecy, is the order of the day—even one's conversation is in words, winks and pantomime. A kind of free masonry exists among the adults, but the children are in open wonder and glee. Wonderful, isn't it, that Santa Claus has not gone out of fashion? Amidst all the progress and laying aside of tradition and old time doings, we still cling to old Santa, giving him the same hearty welcome each year.

Today at one o'clock convergences will be at St. Matthews to take all children to the Hite residence for the long-looked for party, when Mrs. Santa Claus will appear for the first time in a fanciful costume and speaking the German dialect.

Weather being favorable there has been wonderful progress in building the new Shelly division on the electric line. Ties and even the track has been laid to St. Matthews; the great part of the work being accomplished. We expect cars to be running before many weeks have passed.

I am sorry to report Mr. Adam Reuling still suffering and in a critical condition. Neighbors and friends all sympathize with him and family.

Well, "I told you so" (there is nothing more comforting than to give vent to that expression) one of the weddings was sprung upon us last Wednesday. Mr. Phillip Fried, Jr., and Miss Louise Hahn were quietly married at the bride's residence, leaving immediately for a trip to Chicago; after January 1st will live at Lyndon. We had listened and guessed and been fooled so long we had given up, consequently the announcement was like the explosion of a bombshell. Now, that we have been awakened, the others will not startle us so badly. With Christmas cheer and good wishes to all we make our best bow, bidding old 1912 adieu, being the last letter for this year.

A. B. C.

INVITATION

Given by Louisville Commercial Club to Farmers to Attend New Year's Reception.

The Louisville Commercial Club invites the farmers and other residents of Jefferson county to the new year's reception at the Louisville Hotel Jan. 1st from 10 to 11 o'clock.

Among the speakers will be Col. Henry Exall, president of the Texas Industrial Congress, which gives annually \$10,000 in prizes.

Prizes amounting to \$480, given by the Educational Committee to members of the Boys' Corn and Potato Clubs and Girls' Tomato Clubs of Jefferson county, will be awarded by chairman John B. McFerran. A large delegation from the county is expected.

Entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Jones entertained at dinner Sunday, Dec. 22, the following guests: Mrs. Henry Jones, two sons and daughter, of Tucker Station, Dr. and Mrs. E. D. Sellers, of Fishersville, Mrs. D. D. Peagram, two daughters and sons, Mrs. P. L. Baker, two daughters and two sons, of Fern Creek, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Blankenbaker, two daughters and son, of Livingston Heights, and Mrs. Mattie King, of Jeffersontown.

Large Pumpkin Wanted.

The Blue Grass Dairy Lunch, opposite Interurban station, will pay an extra price for the largest pumpkin raised in Jefferson county; it will go in their show window as a sign for the good pumpkin pies with other kinds that they serve to their patrons along with well-seasoned vegetables, meats, chicken dumplings, fresh river fish, etc.—(Advertisement)

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS BUILD YOU A WIRE FENCE

Use The ADRIAN WITH THE TIE THAT BINDS

FOR SALE BY

HALL SEED COMPANY

PRESTON AND JEFFERSON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

ROUT.

Dec. 23.—Quite a number from this neighborhood attended the entertainment and box party at the Wilkesville schoolhouse, given by Miss Magpie Paris. It was a success in every way. There was a large crowd and quite a number of boxes. The amount of the sale of the boxes being about \$27.

Mr. Barney Clark, of Louisville, is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Clark.

Master James Reid is spending several weeks with his sister, Mrs. D. B. Finley, of Louisville.

Several from here attended services at Elk Creek Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Shake and mother entertained a number of relatives and friends Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Carothers spent Friday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McKinley, of Wilkesville.

Miss Mattie Belle Reid spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Corine Allen, of Wilkesville.

Miss Anna Robinson is staying with her sister, Mrs. Will Talbott, of Louisville, who is seriously ill of appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith entertained Mr. Clark Falkerson and family Sunday.

Mr. Paul Boston spent Sunday with his grandmother, Mrs. Jack Boston.

"UNCLE JASON"

Death Removes Family Servant

And Ex-Slave—Funeral of Jason Lewis Monday.

"Uncle" Jason Lewis, one of the few old-time darkies of today, passed away last Saturday at his home in Jeffersontown of infirmities due to old age. He was 78 years old. The funeral was held Monday afternoon in the First Colored Baptist church of Jeffersontown, Rev. Richard Reynolds conducting the services.

His body was laid out in the colored cemetery at this place.

"Uncle Jason," as he was familiarly and lovingly called by both white and colored people, lived a most exemplary life. His type of the colored race is fast passing away. Forty years before the civil war he was a slave of the late Mr. E. N. Owings, father of Hon. L. C. Owings, of Jeffersontown, and after the war he remained for ten years as the family servant of Mr. Owings.

Although given liberty to go, he refused to leave the home he loved so well. It was one of the last requests of the late Mr. Owings that "Uncle Jason" should be cared for while living and that his funeral expenses be paid by his son, and it is useless to say Mr. L. C. Owings carried out his father's wish.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized on Wednesday evening at 5:30 o'clock at the home of Dr. E. D. Sellers, of Fishersville, when Miss Sallie Lawson, daughter of Tucker's, and Mr. Blueford Frederick, of St. Matthews, were united in marriage, the Rev. W. W. Akers, of Crescent Hill, officiating. Miss Mattie Lee Hill, of Anchorage, acted as bride's maid and Mr. Fred W. Tate, of St. Matthews, was the groomsmen. A lovely reception was tendered the guests after the ceremony, the color scheme being pink and white. Mrs. Frederick is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jones at Tucker's and is quite popular among her young friends. The young couple went to house-keeping immediately at St. Matthews. The Jeffersonian joins their many friends in wishing them a happy and prosperous married life.

Watch back page next week's paper.

Jones-Frederick.

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C. E. Program.

Leader—Willis M. Danieleson—The Ideal Christian; His Consecration—Mark 14:23-34. Song. Prayer.

Christ's Definition of the Ideal Christian—Katherine Hunsinger. Scripture Reading.

Song. Reading—Minnie Punk. The Influence of the Ideal Christian—Charlotte Blankenbaker.

Song. Reading—Carl Miller. The Obstacles to be overcome by The Ideal Christian—Bonnie Tatum. Announcements.

Song—Benediction.

HARROD'S CREEK.

Dec. 23.—Miss Elizabeth Barbour, of St. Matthews, was the weekend guest of her cousin, Miss Lucy Peyton Hobson.

Mr. Tyler Schneidtmiller, who has been attending the Potter Bible school in Bowling Green, has returned to spend the holidays with his parents, Miss Annie Broyles visited her sister at Buechel last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Klingensfuss spent Sunday with relatives at Crestwood.

The school entertainment at Prospect was quite a success. A large crowd was present.

We are sorry to report that another one of our neighbors, Mr. Klingensfuss, and wife, are moving to their new home in Louisville.

Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie Oliver and family spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Martha Broyles.

I join The Jeffersonian in wishing the editor and correspondents a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

OKOLONA.

Dec. 23.—Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Thorne and children, Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Kirk and son and R. E. Daugherty, of Louisville, were guests of P. H. Brown and family Sunday.

Miss Edna Beeler and Lillian Hart were overnight guests Thursday of Mrs. Sam Bell.

Miss Loo Ely is with relatives in the city.

Julius Bell, who has been attending school at Bowling Green, arrived Saturday to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Bell.

Miss Niva Bell will spend the holidays with Mrs. P. H. Brown and family.

Ray Miller arrived Sunday from Portland, Oregon, to spend some time with his parents and friends. All gave him a hearty welcome, as he has been gone over two years.

Miss Minnie Pohlman, of Louisville, is with Mrs. Will Beeler.

J. E. Thurnberry, of Lawrenceburg, Tenn., will spend the holidays with friends and relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ferris are grand parents of a daughter, born December 20.

Lodge Notice.

Jeffersontown Lodge No. 467, I. O. O. F. met in regular session on Saturday night, December 21. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. R. Nutter, Noble Grand; E. M. Allen, Vice Grand; Clifford W. Jones, Treasurer; W. L. Jones, Clerk. January 4, 1913, will be installation of officers. We cordially invite all Old Fellows to meet with us when convenient.

Yours in F. L. & T., W. L. JONES, Noble Grand.

Lodge Notice.

Jeffersontown Camp No. 13824, M. W. of A. held a call meeting on Dec. 19 for the purpose of conferring the Woodman Degree on Hazel Tucker. All present enjoyed the meeting. All members of Jeffersontown Camp who have not paid their December assessments No. 281, will please remit to clerk at once as the books may be posted in an up-to-date manner on Dec. 31, 1912.

Fraternally yours, W. L. JONES, Clerk.



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Time tries them by the elements.

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has been tried by both and has their seal of approval upon it.
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- 4-year-old Kentucky Whiskey gallon \$1.80
- APPLE BRANDY, quart 50c and 75c
- 8-year-old Nelson County Whisky full qt. 75c

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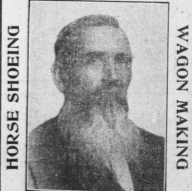
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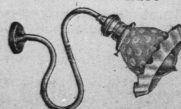
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520 W. Main St.
Electric Supplies of All Kinds.
Jas. Clark, Jr., Electric Co., Inc.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

COINCIDENCES.

Some of the More Curious Ones That Have Been Recorded.

The late well known archaeologist, Albert Way, crossing Pall Mall, collided with an old gentleman, an utter stranger. After mutual apologies cards were exchanged. On each card was printed, "Mr. Albert Way." The older gentleman, dying, left his fortune to the other Albert Way.

The planet Neptune, which had for countless ages revolved in the heavens unseen by any one of earth, was discovered simultaneously and independently in 1846 by Professor Adams and M. Leverrier, the two most brilliant astronomers of the day.

Some years ago a shepherd boy placed a sleeper on the railway line between Brighton and Palmer, England, with the result that a train was thrown off the rails. One year later to a day, almost to a minute, that same youth was spotted by lightning and instantaneously killed within a couple of miles of the spot at which the accident occurred.

The four King Georges of England all died on the same day of the week.

In 1890, a few weeks before the census taker began the enumeration of the people of Elm Grove, Va., the town authorities counted their own population preparatory to filing articles of incorporation. The following was the remarkable result: Number of males over twenty-one years of age, 148; number of males under twenty-one years of age, 148; number of females over sixteen years of age, 148; number of females under sixteen years of age, 148.

Some years ago in Teheran an English sailor was caught in the act of carrying off some precious stones from the shah's palace. The thief was brought before the "king of kings," who swore that the next time the sailor crossed his path he would at once be put to death. It is a curious fact that this very sailor was crossing the street when the shah was driving in Berlin some time after and was knocked down and instantaneously killed. — Pearson's Weekly.

The Wife's Reproach.

In an address to a temperance society a lecturer told how drink had once caused the downfall of a brave soldier. In the course of the sad story he said:

"Sometimes after a debauch, the man would be repentant, humble. He would promise his wife to do better. But, alas, the years taught her the barrenness of all such promises. And one night, when he was getting to be an old man, thin limbed, stoop shouldered, with red rimmed eyes, he said to his wife sadly: 'You're a clever woman, Jenny, a courageous, active, good woman. You should have married a better man than I am, dear.'"

"She looked at him, and, thinking of what he had once been, she answered in a quiet voice: 'I did, James.'"

Consoling.

A New England congressman once went to Franklin Pierce demanding an office for a constituent. Pierce sent him to James Guthrie, secretary of the treasury. By and by the congressman returned to the president in great disgust.

"What did Guthrie say to you about appointing your friend?" inquired the president. "He said he would be hanged if he would."

"Did Guthrie talk that way to you?"

"He did."

"Well, that's the way he talks to me, too," was Pierce's consoling reply.

Works Both Ways.

T. A. Daly, the poet and humorist, advocated temperance and regular hours in a witty after dinner speech in Philadelphia.

Mr. Daly concluded with an adjuration to the business man to proceed directly home from the office, without any stops at this cafe or that.

"For," said the humorist, "the man who goes straight home will always go home straight." — New York Tribune.

On the Warpath.

Little Johnny, who had been told about Indians painting their faces before going on the warpath, came rushing downstairs one morning with a frightened look on his face and cried to his mother, who was preparing breakfast:

"Mother! Oh, mother! run for your life; sister's going to fight." — London Opinion.

A Slow Coach.

A gentleman was one day, in the old coaching times, traveling by a coach which moved at a very slow pace. "Pray," said he to the guard, "what is the name of this coach?" "The Regulator," was the reply. "And a very appropriate name too," said the traveler, "for I see all the other coaches go by it."

THE ELECTRIC FUSE.

Its Flash and Smoke and Burning Out Mean Safety, Not Danger.

The flash, smoke and sometimes total darkness which accompany the burning out of an electric fuse are frequently the cause of considerable alarm to persons unfamiliar with the operation of this essential little device, which, like a charge of powder, achieves destruction in the performance of the act for which it is created. In effect the fuse is a safety valve, serving the same end as the steam safety valve—relieving a dangerous pressure—and the flash and smoke are a sign of relief, not of present danger.

The "fuse" is simply a short section of wire of such material and size that it will carry a determined amount of electric current and no more. When the maximum voltage is exceeded the fuse is consumed, the connection broken and the current, of course, cut off, putting a stop to the operation of the system until a new fuse is put in. This is the effective but somewhat primitive form of electric safety valve in general use.

A recently discovered property of some metals, such as aluminum and magnesium, however, makes it possible to construct an electric safety fuse which possesses all the advantages of that found upon the steam boiler—the ability to perform its functions without self destruction. If two aluminum plates be immersed in any one of various liquids and a current be sent through the combination the flow lasts only for a fraction of a second, for an insulating oxide is formed on the metal surfaces.

An increase in voltage causes a short resumption of flow and another stoppage due to a thickening of the insulating layer. This goes on until the current reaches 400 volts, when the insulation is permanently broken down. By coupling several cells in series this limiting voltage may be increased as desired. Thus a series of ten will not allow the current to pass freely below 4,000 volts. If such a series be connected to a transmission line at one end and to the earth at the other it will divert part of the current to the ground as soon as the voltage exceeds 4,000 and "close up" again when the pressure drops below this limit, thus acting precisely like the safety valve of a steam boiler.

This system is in use on transmission lines of high voltage, but for individual wiring systems the burn out fuse is still the accepted thing, and one or two will be found between every feed wire and the building which uses electric current for light or other purposes. If lightning strikes a feed wire the fuses will all be burned out and so prevent the lightning from passing into the buildings by means of the wires. — Harper's.

A Gentle Wish.

It was their wish, they thought. They had moved into a pretty suburban house and were getting settled cozily at last.

"I have something for you," she said when he came home from the office.

"A present?"

"Yes. You have no night key, so I had one made for you. Here it is."

"That was very thoughtful of you. But how did you come to take so much trouble?"

"I wanted it as a kind of barometer. You'll let me look at it now and then, won't you?"

"Certainly."

"I'm not going to say you mustn't go out evenings, and I'm not going to sit up until you come home when you are out late. Only hope," she said coaxingly, "that every time I look at it the key will be a little bit rustier, and then I will know that home places you more than any other place."

A Phenomenal Appetite.

A Cardiffian who boasts a phenomenal appetite was offered a challenge and won it. The terms of the wager were that he must not have a vestige of any food placed on the table. He swallowed three pounds of fat pork chops, two pounds of potatoes, two pounds of bread, a whole blackberry tart two feet in circumference, one-half pound of cheese, a plate of water-cress, four Spanish onions, and then asked for more! The meal was consumed without drink of any kind. — Cardiff Western Mail.

Java's Population.

Java is very thickly populated, and cultivation is pushed to an extraordinary distance up the steep slopes of the hills. The plain of Leles in the month of July "is one sea of ripe golden rice, with here and there a village of brown thatched roofs nestling in a group of green coconut trees. In the middle of the land white chimneys of sugar mills peep above miles and miles of sugarcane fields."

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Springerles, Nuts,
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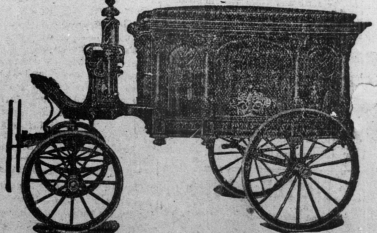
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Love or Money?

By CLARISSA HUCKIE

It was one of those idle conversations whose fruit is sometimes bitterly favored.

"I shall marry for love," Azalia Bonner had sighed sentimentally.

A merry light came into Dell Horton's blue eyes. She dearly loved to hook the romantic soul of Azalia, her best friend.

"I," uttered Dell, with mock intensity, "shall marry for money!"

"Dell!" breathed the horrified Azalia. "Why not?" queried Dell lightly as she slipped into her house coat.

Azalia made no reply for a moment. She was busy adjusting this world remark to the other, clanging and gentle minded Dell. Azalia had her own plans for her friend. Dell was to marry Rudy Bleck and in a measure a small measure, mind you—console him for the loss of Azalia herself, for Azalia loved the fair haired Rudy and had broken the news to him.

"But you will never be happy, Dell," said Azalia seriously. "Why should you sell yourself to some toothless old man?"

"Azalia! Please don't suggest that I might not attract a young millionaire," teased Dell as she led the way from the fashionable tea room where the conversation had taken place.

"I never thought of that, dear," admitted Azalia. "You know in novels and newspaper headlines it's always the other way round. Have you ever—have you ever thought much about it, Dell? I mean, have you ever thought just how rich he must be?" An eager light was in her eyes.

Dell frowned. "Dear me, no! I am so poor myself that I can't even afford money over \$10,000 would appear to be a fortune."

"Then Rudy would do!" blurted forth Azalia excitedly.

Dell stared incredulously. "Rudy Bleck?" she asked.

"Yes, of course. He's a dear," cried Azalia, loyal to her discarded suitor.

"Then why don't you marry him, dear?" asked Dell sweetly.

"I don't love him," explained Azalia sorrowfully.

"Neither do I," retorted Dell crisply.

"But you said you didn't care. You wanted to marry for money. And, oh, dear Dell, I have just remembered that I had to be at that stupid tailor's at 3 o'clock. Will you come with me?"

"I can't, Azalia. I am going to read to Aunt Pamela Griffin. She's confined to the house with another attack of rheumatism. Goodbye. See you tomorrow!" She waved her hand at Azalia as she hurried down the avenue and disappeared in the crowd.

Dell forgot all about the foolish conversation the instant Dell had left her. Azalia was so intensely romantic that Dell had found herself shrinking from the everyday heart to heart exchange of sentiment that was becoming the conversational food of her friend. As a healthy reaction from this overdose of sentiment Dell had formed the habit of applying donches of cold, calculating, practical, worldly wise opinions. Azalia shrank under this treatment and secretly worried about Dell. But she still clung to the fanciful idea that she could not marry Rudy because she did not love him enough when as a matter of fact she adored him. It was indeed romantic to observe Rudy pining away for love of her.

Meanwhile Rudy Bleck had quite the opposite opinion.

While Dell waited on the corner for a bus she was not thinking of Azalia Bonner nor of Rudy Bleck nor of Aunt Pamela Griffin. She was thinking of Stanley Renn, who was Azalia's cousin and a poor young physician who had just opened his first office.

Azalia Bonner left the tailor's in a beaute state of mind, for her new gown was a decided success. The moment she started up the avenue toward home her thoughts flew directly to her misbegotten friend Dell.

"I simply can't have her marry for money!" groaned Azalia, beginning to worry over the matter.

"Well, little cousin, why so worried?" and Stanley Renn felt stop beside her. "Rudy committed suicide?"

Azalia stopped short. "What do you mean?" she demanded, wide eyed.

"Where is he?"

"At the club, drinking—drinking himself to death! I shall declare it and if I'm asked to sign his death certificate," returned Renn cheerfully.

"Bum!" snorted the aggrieved Azalia. "They would call you a Stan! They might if it was a cat—or something like that!" she ended contentedly.

"A puppy, perhaps?" asked the doctor innocently.

"I don't know what the matter with everybody today," complained Azalia at last. "First Dell Horton declares she is going to marry for money—so stupid, you know. I wouldn't have believed it of Dell. And now Stanley?"

"Dr. Renn's face had lost its merry humor. It was quite white, and his hand eyes looked back by contrast."

"No," he said rather curtly; "I wouldn't. You are sure?" He desisted himself for asking this question.

"She said so repeatedly," returned Azalia earnestly. "You see, Stanley, they're always been in moderate circumstances, and I suppose it is a temptation."

"Who is he?" demanded Dr. Renn hoarsely.

"I don't know—yet," returned Azalia dreamily. She had caught glimpses of Rudy Bleck in a taxi cab that bowed swiftly past them. Rudy's face looked very pale and melancholy against the dark background of the vehicle.

Dr. Renn left her at the park and disappeared within its winding paths. "Not for me!" he said fiercely. "She's not for a poor devil like me. I don't know that I blame her much, either. I wonder why she told Azalia. Perhaps she might be the one who would want to marry him to me and then I would know and not give her the pain of telling me my cause was a hopeless one. But! What nonsense I am talking! It's not like Dell Horton to send her messages in any such indirect way, nor would she be likely to refuse a man before he asked her to marry him. Cool off, you idiot!" This last remark was, of course, addressed to himself.

For several days Dr. Renn avoided the vicinity of Dell Horton, and this was all the more noticeable because he had haunted her every spare moment of his abundant time. It was not a fancy to the doctor and was inclined to give him a professional start.

A GLIMPSE OF MONTENEGRO.

Where the King May Gossip From a Window With His Subjects.

Once over the mountain and across the Montenegrin frontier, the first impression is that of the absolute desolation of the country. Nothing but bleak, gray, stony mountain ranges, one after the other, as far as the eye can reach, into the misty distance. Not a habitation, not a tree of any size, not a sign of life. The outlook suggests an imaginative lithograph of the beginning of the world.

Only one evidence of human existence is seen. Along the road side are numerous flat bottomed pockets of land, where a little cultivable soil has washed down the rocky slopes, and in each of these pockets a few potato plants have been carefully set out. Often the pocket is so small as to contain only a dozen plants, but in a land so sterile and stony every square foot of soil is thriftilly utilized. No houses are visible, and people must come to cultivate these struggling patches.

Cetinje lies in the middle of a small, fertile plain, which was once the bed of an ancient lake, surrounded by grim hills. It is a town of about 3,500 inhabitants—hardly more than a village—and yet it is the capital of a nation that has for generations preserved its identity against far greater neighbors whose capacity for territorial expansion is too well known to require comment. In her sturdy spirit of self defense little Montenegro leaves naught for criticism.

There is not much of the formality of a European capital about Cetinje. The reigning monarch can frequently be seen leaning out of a window in casual conversation with one of his subjects.

The principal hotel of the town is kept by a magnificent looking man, who at the time of my visit was minister of war. The conduct of his hotel was decidedly unceremonious, except that the Austrian minister and the Italian minister appeared for dinner every night in full dress. Probably each one felt that the dignity of his country must be maintained at all hazards, and neither one could take it on himself to suggest a sartorial disarmament.

Strict formality is exercised in some branches of the government. A telegram which I sent to the telegraph office at 9 o'clock one morning was returned to me unopened at 5 o'clock that afternoon with the criticism that I should have written it in ink instead of lead pencil.—Cor. New York Post.

Found a Way.

A widow of an old Lyceum theater agent applied to Irving for a sort of occupation about the theater whereby she might earn a living. Irving appealed to Loveday, a manager.

"There is absolutely no vacancy of any kind," said Loveday.

"Can't you give her a job to look after the theater cats? I think we've too many mice about, not to mention rats."

"No," said Loveday, "there are two women already on that job."

"Hum, ha, let me see," said Irving reflectively, then suddenly brightening with an idea. "Very well, then; give her the job of looking after the two women who are looking after the cats."

The widow was at once engaged on the permanent staff of the theater.—London Mail.

Forest Air.

There is a general impression that the humidity of the air is greater in the woods than in the open fields. This is contradicted, however, by the result of observations made in Germany. It was found there that the humidity, both relative and absolute, was slightly greater in the open than in the woods, and this was true equally in the morning and in the afternoon. As to the temperature of the air among the trees, it was a trifle higher than in the open in the morning and in a more marked degree in the afternoon.

An Able Pump.

Visiting his home town after many years' absence, a gentleman met Sam, the village fool.

"Hello, Sam," he said. "Glad to see you. What are you doing now? Still pumping the church organ?"

"Yes, I'm still pumping the organ. An' say, Charlie, I'm getting to be a pretty fine pump."

The other day they had a big organist over from New Haven, and I pumped a piece he couldn't play!—Everybody's.

Costly, but Lasting.

Johnny—What! Only married a year and yet you are so downcast?

Wally—Ah, my dear fellow, I never imagined that a wife would prove such a costly article.

Johnny—Yes, a wife is a costly article, that's true, but then you must remember that she lasts a man a precious long time.

Deliberate.

"I don't know what the matter with everybody today," complained Azalia at last. "First Dell Horton declares she is going to marry for money—so stupid, you know. I wouldn't have believed it of Dell. And now Stanley?"

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